THE FARMER.

- A farmer furrowed his awarded field,
 And faltered not for the day;
 He feit from the north a frost-wind blow,
 And the path of the sun was gray,
 And the wheat-bird's whistle he heard from the And he knew that the weevil oft followed the plow.
- He bent his lowly form to the task,
 Beheving his labor a prayer;
 So he plodded the pace of a cheerful man,
 Freparing his ground with care;
 Whisted and plodded, then cast amain
 For the harvest hour the seeding grain.
- A farmer aut in his cottage door, Needing a noon-tide nap, And the whitened wheat across the way, Waved on the meadow's ap; With heavy heads, in a sumbering haze, Lize stells bent down in the August days.
- As the farmer dexed, he dreamed and smiled,
 For his acres waved on his eye;
 And then the clink of the reapers he heard,
 And his stacks and his mows swelled high;
 And over his cheek a soft lear crept,
 For the joy he felt as he nodded and slept.
- He welce, in the baze of the hot afternoon, In health was he ben't to the snath, And over the field the gavels stretched In many a winding path;
 The viscon he saw had lightened his task,
 And he learned that to pray we in laborshould ask

INDIAN FRANK.

In all the annals of Indian warfare that this country possesses, either writ-ten or unwritten, I doubt if there can be found a parallel to the bloody tragedy which took place on Trinity river, fifteen miles north of the Indian reservation in Hoopa Valley, California, on the morning of March 28, 1867. The particulars of this terrible affair, resulting in the killing of four white men by one Indian, and the long and fruitless search for the murderer, terminating with his death under peculiar circumstances, are now brought to light for the first time. The Hoopa valley Reservation, at the date of the occurrence, was in charge of In-dian Agent Stockton, and the military camp attached thereto under the command of Maj. Bowman, of the Ninth United States infantry. There were several hundred Indians on the reservation at the time, belonging to the Hoopa, Redwood and Klamath tribes, Among them were some of the most dangerous and bloody characters that were ever fostered by our Government to prey upon its citizens. For what has been and is the result of the Government's treatment of the Indian? The reservation, under the so-called humane policy of the Department of the Interior, is nothing more than an asylum where the Indian is fed and housed during the winter, and put in good fighting trim for spring, when he takes his departure, without leave, to prey upon and harass every unfortunate white that comes in his way, knowing full well that after his marauding is suspended there is a home for him to return to, where he will be received with open arms, like the Prodigal Son, and where his crimes will be forgotten in the haste made to issue him his blankets and rations. I know there are some of the Good Samaritan order who will say that this is an outrageous as well as an inhuman view to take of the Government's treatment of the Indian. But to all such I reply, examine the record of the past thirty years, with its wars and massacres, its murders and pillages, and its wastes and extravagances, and then say whether I have been unjust in the assertions which I have made, Every man of intelligence who has lived in an Indian country, and had an opportunity of examining the Indian question, knows full well that the only true solution of it consists in compelling the Indian to work for his living as a white man does, to punish him as you would a white man for a similar offense, and to make him understand that he must conform to the laws the same as a white man. The Indian is fully capable of being made to comprehend all this. It is not my intention, however, to tilt at wind-mills, but to narrate an episode without a parallel in the whole history of the Government's protects rate of the Indian, Among the despradoes who were cared for at this time on the Hoopa Reservation were "Ind.an Frank," "Sanaltin John," "Big Jim" and "Handsome Billy," a quartette that were known all over Humboldt, Klamath, Del Norte and Trinity counties for all species of deviltry, from horse-stealing to murder. During their periodical sojourn on the reservation, they were the chiefs of two adverse ranches, and spent the greater portion of their time in stealing from one another, and in picking off an enemy whenever they could do so without detection, which happened not infrequently. Agent Stockton, who had been in charge of the reservation for three years before the occurrence I am about to relate took place, was a most kind man in disposition, and one who treated the Indians under him in such a manner as to be almost universally liked by them. He had, however, in pursuance of what he deemed to be his duty, fallen into the questionable practice of mixing up in their disputes in endeavoring to settle them. One day, in the early part of March, 1867, an Indian from the "Big Jim" ranch came to the Agent with a complaint that his horse had been stolen by "Indian Frank," and that the latter refused to pay him for it, as the horse was subsequently found drowned. Stockton sent for Frank and told him if he did not pay for the horse before the following day that he would lock him up. The next morning it was found that Frank had left the reservation, and, although he was diligently searched for in the surrounding country, no traces of him were discovered. On the afternoon of the 27th of March the Indian from whom the horse had been stolen discovered Frank's whereabouts, and immediately notified Stockton, who determined to go after him and bring him to the reservation. Taking with him four attaches of the agency, James Latham, Asa Pratt, William Griffith and John Sloofer, he started for Frank's hiding-place, which, according to the Indian, was some fifteen miles from the reservation, on the main Trimty river, at a spot known as Nigger Henry It was Stockton's intention to travel during the night and arrest Frank before he awoke in the morning. This he carried out in part successfully, as at 5 o'clock on the following morning he and his party were in front of the Indian's hut—which they found sit-

entrance of the hut and called to Frank to get up and come out, that he was wanted. The Indian awoke, seemingly dazed, but perceiving Stockton and the four men at the door, and knowing the object of their visit, rose, but instantly after dropped on the ground and gave no further indication that he had heard the Agent's summons. Stockton seeing this, instead of taking him by the back of the neck and pitching him out, commenced to coax him to accompany them quietly to the reservation, and not to put them to the necessity of using force. What a strange fatality that is which controls men on the eve of their destiny, and directs them to do that which, above all other things, they should not do! What a problem for the student of psychology to solve! While Stockton was talking to the Indian, the latter was noticed scratching the earth with his hands and making a hole in an abstracted manner. In a few minutes the cause of this strange action was made manifest, in his pulling from the hole a six-chambered revolver, which he had evidently cached in the corner of the hut where he was sitting. The conduct of the Indian now seemed to change, and the air of careless abstraction which his face had worn but a moment before gave place to one of insolent defiance. For two whole hours Stockton pleaded with Frank to go with him quietly, and not put him to the trouble of taking him by force, but as well might he have talked to the waters in the river near by with the expectation of their obeying him, as to make the Indian comply with his wishes. Worn out at last with entreating, and

still desirous of arresting him without doing him harm, Stockton called Pratt one side and gave him a note to deliver to Maj. Bowman, requesting the latter to send him immediately ten soldiers, and informing him that he would keep guard over Frank till their arrival. Pratt started immediately on his errand, leaving Stockton and the three others in front of the Indian's hut. He had had crossed the river, and was about starting down for the reservation, when he heard two shots fired in quick order. Pausing for a few minutes, he heard two more shots, coming from the same direction, and with about the same interval between them as between the two first. Satisfied that the shooting was done by the party he had left, and thinking, perhaps, that Frank, while attempting to escape, had been shot, he determined to go back, deeming that the necessity for his going after soldiers was done away with. Hardly had he started his boat on the river to return. when he heard a voice from the other side calling him to come on, that everything was all right. About midway across Pratt happened to look toward the bank he was approaching. As he did so he beheld the naked form of Frank dart behind a tree, with a rifle in each hand. He knew that something terrible must have occurred. The shots he had heard, the two rifles in the hands of Frank, when he knew of his having nothing save a revolver, and, finally, the Indian's nude conditionunfailing indication of his being on the war-path-all gave token that those he had left at the flat were sadly in need of the assistance which the note he carried with him asked for. Turning his boat quickly, he made for the shore, and, after landing, concluded not to go down the river to the reservation, as Frank, knowing every foot of the counmight, by some short cut, him off. Turning up the river, therefore, he made for a settlement some miles above. Here he found a messenger who consented to bear the news to the reservation. The latter arrived the same evening at Hoopa, without molestation, and delivered his message to Maj. Bowman. Without delay a detachment, consisting of twenty-five soldiers and a sergeant, under the command of Lieut. Broome, of Company K, Ninth infantry, accompanied by the post surgeon, Dr. Moffatt, were sent to the relief of Stockton. They started about dusk, but owing to the nature of the trails they did not arrive in the vicinity of the flat till daylight next morning. Before reaching the nut the cowardly Lieutenant—he was shortly after cashiered the service-turned over the command to Sergt, Kramer, with the remark that he knew nothing of Indian fighting and that he was feeling quite ill also. He went to the rear, while the brave doctor, disgusted with the exhibition of poltroonery shown by a commissioned officer, left his position and marched side by side with the sergeant, at the head of the detachment.

On reaching the flat, the first object that struck their eyes was the lifeless form of Stockton, lying about fifty feet from the hut, A little further on, and about at right angles with it, the dead body of Latham was encountered. This distance, by actual measurement, was fifty-seven yards. On the opposite side, in an almost diagonal line from where Latham was found, Sloofer's remains were discovered, forty-seven yards from the hut. On entering the hut they found Griffith in the corner to the right of the opening, with a sixteen-shooter Henry rifle across his lap and his head bent slightly forward. He was still alive, but going fast, his wound being a mortal one. By the aid of stimulants he rallied long enough to give the particulars of what occurred

after Pratt's departure. On seeing the latter leave the Indian divined the object of his going, and knew that when he returned it would be in company with soldiers. He remained quiet for some minutes after Pratt had gone. Suddenly he turned to Stockton and the others and told them to clear out; that he wanted them to leave him alone, at the same time cocking his revolver. Knowing the desperate character of the man they had to deal with, Stockton's companions broke for cover, Latham and Sloofer to the trees by which they were afterward found, Griffith to a large stump about fifteen yards from the hut, while Stockten himself commenced backing away, at the same time entreating Frank to be careful what he was going to do. He had not reached over tifteen paces from the hut when the Indian fired and Stockton fell, pierced through the body. Griffith, seeing him fall, and fearful that the Indian would get his "sixteen-shooter," rushed over to Stock-ton and stooped to pick the rifle up. As he did so another shot from the Indian's deadly revolver went tearing its way through his body, and made its exit on the other side. Although fatally wound-

when the revolver's deadly bark was again heard, and Sloofer fell with a ball between his eyes. He had been endeav-oring to get a shot at the Indian from behind the tree where he was stationed. when he was spared all further trouble. Latham now drew a bead on the hut, but the Indian, anticipating a shot from that quarter, fired for the fourth time. Latham never moved. He was struck in'a similar place to Sloofer, between the eyes. The Indian now left the but with the intention of finishing Griffith, as he knew the latter was wounded, but to what extent he could not tell. Griffith, hearing him approach, although weak with loss of blood, determined to go for him. Jumping from behind his cover, he made a dash for the approaching Indian, which so disconcerted the latter that he turned and ran. After doubling several times, the Indian rushed into the hut, with Griffith in hot pursuit. Dashing himself against the back of the structure, he displaced several logs, and, rolling through the opening thus made, escaped to the surrounding timber. Grillith was so weak with loss of blood that he dropped in the corner of the hut, the same place where the relief party afterward found him. The Indian had evidently come back and taken Latham's Henry ritle and Sloofer's shot gun, the same seen with him by Pratt. He could have done so very easily without attracting Griffith's attention, as where they lay was out of the latter's range of vision. The bodies of Stockton and Griffith were conveyed to the reservation, where they were buried with honors, while the remains of Latham and Sloofer were interred where they lay.

For two years following this extraordinary tragedy Frank was hunted, there being no less than fifty soldiers in constant pursuit of him; and, although surrounded at least a half dozen times, he always managed to escape. The Indians belonging to his ranch evidently kept him in provisions, and furnished him with knowledge of the movements of the troops in search of him. The authorities in control of the reservation, knowing full well the surest means to capture Frank would be to arouse the capidity of his own relatives-as every member of an Indian family has a moneyed value in the eyes of his kin-by offering a reward large enough to tempt them, finally induced the Government to offer \$500 for his capture, dead or alive. A few days after it became known among the Indians that the reward was offered, "Sanaltin John," Frank's brother-inlaw, entered into negotiations with the commandant for bringing Frank in. But in addition to the reward he must have the following strange conditions acceded to-that he be allowed to kill "Big Jim" and "Handsome Billy, the chiefs of the ranch with which he was at feud. I will end this bloody recital by stating that a few days after this singular proposition was made to Maj. Bowman the Reservation was startled by hearing six shots fired. An examination by the guard ended in the bringing in of the dead bodies of "Big Jim" and "Handsome Billy." They were riddled with shot, and their throats cut from ear to ear. The sergeant of the guard reported the fact of finding "Sanaltin John" and a number of bucks belonging to his ranch in the vicinity of the shooting. But nothing came of his report. The sergeant was evidently regarded by his superior as being overofficious. Ten days after the above murders "Sanaltin John" came to headquarters, and requested the Lieutenant in command-Maj. Bowman having found it convenient to be absent for a couple of weeks-to send out after Frank's body. The murderer of Stockton and his companions had been led into ambush by his murderous brother-inlaw, and killed by four Indians belonging to his ranch. The reward was paid to "Sanaltin John" on the following

The Great Salt Lake.

Four barrels of water of the Great Salt Lake will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt. The lake was discovered in the year 1820, and no outlet from it has yet been ascertained. Four or five large streams empty themselves into it. and the facts of its still retaining its saline properties seems to point to the conclusion that there exists some secret bed of saline deposit over which the waters Dn. J. H. Schesce: flow, and that thus they continue saltfor, though the lake may be the residue of an immense sea which once covered the whole of this region, yet by its continuing so salt with the amount of fresh water poured into it daily, the idea of the existence of some such deposit from which it receives its supply seems to be only too probable. From the past fifteen years, until last year, the lake has been gradually rising; but in 1879 it receded two or three feet—a most unusual occurrence—owing to the excep-tionally warm weather. There are no fish in the lake, but myriads of small flies cover its surface. The buoyancy of the water is so great that it is not at all an easy matter to drown in it. The entire lenth of the lake is eighty-five miles, and its breadh forty-five miles, Compared with the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake is longer by forty-three miles and broader by thirty-five miles.

What a Boy Can Eat.

An inquiring and anxious boy of 19 writes the editor of a great morning paper for advice as to eating. Says he:
"Is the soup you get in restaurants good? Some of it appears to be greasy."
Very profitless is the answer of the editor to the boy: "A boy," says the scribe,
"a boy, in truth, ought not to think
about such things. His physical economy is a marvelous contrivance, and yet it is one that performs its operations without help from his intellect." Yes, boy. Eat anything. Because you're a boy and have a good, strong stomach. Forget you have a stomach-because you're a boy. Eat heavy bread, sour bread, leathery cooked meats, greasy pies, poisoned candies, anything, everything-because you're a boy, and you're supposed to have a stomach which will digest tenpenny nails. Eat when in a profuse prespiration, eat and work or study the moment you jump up from the table, eat whatever is set before you, be good, bad or indifferent, and all because A Severe Case of Bleeding from the you're a boy.

uated in an open, rectangular space about sixty yards long by forty wide—and through the open door of which could be seen the sleeping form of him they were after. Stockton went to the

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE,

WHICH SHOULD BE READ BY THOSE AFFLICTED.

DR. SCHENCK GIVES THE EVIDENCE ON WHICH HE BASES HIS ASSERTION THAT

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

Clear and explicit statements from well-known persons which should convince the most skeptical.

For other Certificates of Cures send for Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It gives a full description of these diseases in their various forms, also valuable information in regard to the diet and clothing of the sick; how and when exercise should be taken, &c. This book is the result of many years of experience in the treatment of Lung Diseases, and should be read, not only by the afflicted, but by those who, from hereditary taint or other cause, suppose themselves liable to any affection of the throat or lungs.

IT IS SENT FREE,

POSTPAID, TO ALL APPLICANTS.

Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, No. 600 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Go and see the people who write the following letters, if possible.

Mr. Isaac Miller, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, writes:

FEBRUARY 7th, 1881. Ten years ago I contracted a severe cold, which brought me very low. I went from one doctor to another, getting prescriptions from each, but the medicines they prescribed seemed to do me no good. I kept getting worse and worse, until at last I became so weak that if I went any distance from my house it seemed that I would almost given up all hope of recovery. As a last resort, I went to Strope's Drug Store, in this city, and asked him if he had any medicine that would help me. He said he had, and he was so confident of it that he said, "Here, take this bottle of Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, and if it does you no good you need not pay for it," I took the bottle home and commenced using it, as you directed, and it worked like magic. By the time it was gone, I felt very much better, and so I got another bottle,

which completed the cure. I have since used the Pulmonic Syrup in my family many times, with the best results. I have also recommended it to many friends-smong others, Mrs. Hesser, of Plymouth, Iudians, who had Consumption, and she was cured in a very short time by its use

ISAAC MILLER, Engineer on Pitts., Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R. Residence, No. 44 William St., Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

DR. SCHENCK, Philadelphia, Pa.: Dear Sir-We are well acquainted with Mr. Isaac Miller, and can wouch for the truth of the statement he sends you in regard to the great benefit he received from the use of your medicines. Yours truly,

D. B. STROPE & CO., Druggists. Fr. WAYNE, Ind., Feb. 8th, 1881.

A Gentleman well known in Zanesville, Dresden and Coshocton writes from Pekin, Ill.

Dear Sir-In the winter of 1872 I was told by three prominent doctors that my wife had Consumption, and that she could not live until spring. Soon after this a friend, who lives in Dayton, Ohio, recommended your medicines to her; but, having been told that she was in curable, we had no faith in them. Her friend finally brought her a bettle of your Pulmonic Syrup, and insisted on her giving it a fair trial. She did so, and, thank God, by its use her life was saved. She is now

I am well known here, as well as in Zanesville, Dresden and Coshocton, and would refer you to the druggists and others in these towns, who will remember my wife's case as a very bad one. I have recommended your medicines to a great many, and have never known them to fail in making cures where they have been given a fair trial. I am induced to send you this by the thought that it wil be of such great use to suffering humanity.

A. W. WHITE, Nov. 21, 1879. Proprietor White House, Pekin, Ill.

From Cyrus Laverty, Esq., of Charlotte, Mich.

Chronic Bronchitis Cured.

Dear Sir—Nine years ago I was suffering with a severe bronchial affection, which reduced me very much in flesh. I had a severe cough, with hoarseness, and sometimes an entire loss of voice. For several months I was compelled to give up my work, and I was sick for over two years. All this time I was trying many remedies that were recommended by my friends, but without any benefit. At last Mr. J. S. Upton, of the firm of Uptor & Brown, machinists, of Battle Creek, Mich., advised me to try your medicines, at the same time telling me that it had cured him of a serious affection of the lungs, after spending hundreds of dollars with physicians without benefit. I took his advice and bought some of your medicines of Schuyler Bros., druggists, of this place. The first bottle gave me great relief, and, after using several bottles, was entirely cured. My cure, I am satisfied, is permanent, as I have had no return of the disease. I candidly believe that your remedies are the best that can be used in throat and lung troubles, not only

Yours truly, CYRUS LAVERTY. CHARLOTTE, Mich., Dec. 8, 1880.

from my own experience, but from many others that I

know who have used it with great benefit.

From Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Lungs Cured.

J. H. SCHENCE & Son, Philadelphia: Gentlemen-About four years ago I was attacked with Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and bled profusely. A physician attended me; but, in a short time, I had another hemorrhage, and at one time I thought I would bleed

to death before I could get any relief. I was advised to try your Pulmonic Syrup, which I did, and I am happy to say that it saved my life. I took five or six bottles of your Syrup, and I have not had a bemor thuge in the past two years, or since I used your medicines, and I now consider myself a well man. I believe your medicines will do all you claim for them.

Yours truly, H. P. NELSON. CEDAR FALLS, Iowa, Nov. 13, 1880.

Consumption Permanently Cured

DR. SCHENCE:

CONNERSVILLE, Ind., January 21st, 1881.

Dear Sir-In 1861 I took a heavy cold, which quickly fastened on my lungs. I became unable to do anything. I was confined to my hed. My case went on from had to worke, and developed rapidly into Con-umption. At the time of the draft during the war the examining physician rejected me as being unfit for service, one of my imags being no riy gons. I had given myself to die, when John S. Benson, who formerly lived near this city. now living in Indianapolis, recommended me to us Schenck's Remedies, as he had done in his own case and had been cured thereby. I did as he advised me, which proved to be my s lvation. I procured some of your." Pulmonic Syrup," "Seaweed Tonic" and "Manfrake Pills." I commenced to use them, and found them to benefit me from the start. I continued to use your medicines faithfully, and in six months' time I was antirely cured, my lungs becoming as strong as ever; and your medicines did the work.

Yours respectfully, SANDFORD CALDWELL. I wish to add that since that time-twenty years ago-I have had no return of my trouble. The cure was a perfeet and lasting one. S. CALDWELL I know of the above case, and can certify to the truth of the foregoing.

L. RAWLS, Druggist. of the foregoing.

From Akron, Chio.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AKRON, Ohio, Feb. 17th, 1881. Dear Sir-Having been asked by many in regard to your med cines, and the benefit I had received fro them, I have concluded to give you an account of my case. In the winter of 1873 I was pronounced an in curable Consumptive by every physician in this place, as well as several in Cleveland. I had all the symptoms cough, night sweats, great debility and loss of flesh. [was reduced in weight from one hundred and fifty pounds to eighty pounds. I had given up all hope of overy, when I was told by Mr. James Scanlan that he had used your medicines with good effect, and he advised me to give them a trial, although I do not think he believed they would cure me, for I was so sick at this time that no one thought that I would ever get well. I thought, however, that they might give me temporary relief, and with this object I commenced to use your Pulmonic Syrup. I had not taken it two days before I felt gwat relief, especially in the severity of my cough I then took the Mandrake Pills and Seawed Tonic, and in two weeks my appetite came back and I began to gain strength. I took your medicines for about three months I was too sick to do any kind of work for two years. Your medicines made a perfect cure, and I have been good health ever since. I do not know that I can say more than this, unless it be that I believe your medicines to be good, and that they will do all that you say they will do. Yours very truly, J. A. REHLLY.

From Mr. John G. Nothacker, of Shelby, Ohio,

DR. J. H. SCHENCE, Philadelphia: Dear Sir-In May, 1879, I cought a heavy cold, which gradually settled on my lungs, causing great difficulty and pain in breathing. I could not rest at night, being kept awake by coughing. The loss of sleep and appetite at last reduced me very much-from 160 pounds, my usual weight when in health, to 133 pounds. I took the prescriptions of physicians, but they did me no good. One day, while looking over the Cleveland Herald, I noticed that your medicines had cured many cases that were at least as bad as mine, and so concluded to use them. They were rather slow in their action at first, but after I had used them for a couple of weeks I saw that I retting better: my appetite improved, the pain an difficulty in breathing was relieved, and after using eight bottles I felt that I was restored to perfect health. I soon recovered my former weight, and I have been quite well ever since. I am satisfied that I owe my recovery ent rely to your Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills. Truly yours,

JOHN G. NOTHACKER, With C. H. Asken, Shelby, Richmond Co., Ohio. Feb. 21st, 1881.

From Mr. Robert W. Jones, of

London, Ohio. Dear Sir-About four years ago I was taken sick with what my physician told me was Consumption of the Lungs. I had a bad cough, and was reduced very much in my weight. At different times I had seven physicians of this place, and also one from Bloomsburg, attending me, and, although they all thought they could help me, I grew worse very fast under their treatment. I was compelled to give up all business for over two years, and no one believed, nor did I myself believe, that I should ever get well. One day I happened to call at Mr. Auburn Smith's Drug Store, in this place, and picked up one of your pamphlets. In reading the certificates of cures. I found one case so nearly like my own that I at once concluded to give your medicines a trial. I bought the Seaweed Tonic, Pulmonic Syrup and Mandrake Pills, and began their use according to the printed directions, and I can truly say that from the first I saw a marked improvement in all my symptoms. This encouraged me to continue their use until I was entirely well. I have had good health since my recovery, and I believe your medicines saved my life. I know of several other persons in this city that have been cured by your remedies. Yours truly, ROBERT W. JONES.

LONDON, Ohio, October 9th, 1880.

GUARD THE SYSTEM AGAINST

MALARIA

BY USING

DR. SCHENCK'S **MANDRAKE** PILLS,

The Great Vegetable Substitute for Mercury.

They will cure Chills and Fever. They will cure Diarrhea. They will cure obstinate Consti-

pation, leaving the Stomach and Bowels in a healthy Condition.

They will cure Liver Complaint, that great forerunner of Consumption.

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

griping. On the contrary, they are so mild and agree able in their action that a person suffering with a sick headache, sour stomach or pain in the bowels is speedily relieved of these distressing symptoms. They act direct ly on the liver, the organ which, when in a healthy con dition, purifies the blood for the whole body.

They are a perfect preparation of that great and well-known remedy, Mandrake or Podophyllin, a remedy that has displaced the use of mercury, as well as many other poisonous drugs, in the practice of every intelligent

without disposing them to subsequent costiv Chronic Liver Complaint there is not its equal in the Chronic Liver Complaint there is not its equal in the whole range of medicines, being vastly more useful than mercurial agents, erousing the liver to healthy action, increasing the flow of bile, and keeping up these actions longer than any other agent with which we are acquaint ed." (See American Dispensatory, page 720.)

In all cases of Liver Complaint or Dyspepsis, when

there is a great weakness or debility, Dr. Schenck's Senweed Tonie should be used in connection with

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES: MANDRAKE PILLS, SEAWEED TONIC,

Are said by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

Railroads and the Farmers.

PULMONIC SYRUP

In his admirable address before the Minnesota State Fair, Col. William F. Vilas spoke of the immense benefit which the Western farmers have derived from the railroads. He said :

Before railroads were devised there was no extensive freight communication but by water. And that was valueless unless conveniently accessible. From this, the agriculture of past ages gathered around the seas and lakes, or lined the rivers' margin. It girt the Mediterranean and made famous the valley of the Nile. The unwatered world of the interior was left to the wandering nomad or the forest barbarian. It was the unknown region full of mysterious terrors. The great Hercynian wood was the home of beasts, brute and human : the latter ever the impending peril, and finally the destroyer of the civilization of the world. The reserve corps of barbarism lay back on the plains of Russia and Tartary, which nourished the fierce savages who could live on equine flesh and carouse on the milk of mares. So, too, water communication was slow and tedious, even when accessible. That is true, especially of inland navigation. It is weeks by water from St. Paul to New York, though the aid of steam be invoked; and in Northern climes that avenue is available for but half the year. Your magnificent wheat fields would mostly lie unbroken, farmers of Minnesota, had not the invention and enterprise of other men, stimulated by your demands, laid the double-lined highway to carry the freight-car laden with your precious berry to the sea; the Indian would still be master of the Territories of the West. Your lands derive their value, your industry, its reward; your homes, the luxuries, and many of the comforts they exhibit, from the

railroads of the continent.

In the beautiful language of that noble

lover of human liberty, once the pride and ornament of Wisconsin's Supreme bench, the lamented Byron Paine, "Railroads are the great public highways of the world, along which its gigantic currents of trade and travel continually pour-highways compared with which the most magnificent highways of antiquity dwindle into insignificance, They are the most marvelous invention of modern times. They have done more to develop the wealth and resources, to stimulate the industry, reward the labor and promote the general comfort and prosperity of the country, than any other and perhaps than all other mere physical causes combined. There is probably not a man, woman or child whose interest or comfort has not been in some degree subserved by them. They bring to our doors the productions of the earth. They enable us to anticipate and protract the seasons. They enable the inhabitants in each clime to enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of all. They scatter the productions of the press and literature broadcast through the country with amazing rapidity. There is scarcely a want, wish or aspiration of the human heart, which they do not in some measure help to gratify. They promote the pleasures of social life and of friendship; they bring the skilled physician swiftly from a distance to attend the sick and the wounded, and enable his absent friend to be present at the bedside of the dying. They have more than realized the fabulous conception of the Eastern imagination, which pictured the genii as transporting inhabited palaces through the air. They take a train of inhabited palaces from the Atlantic coast, and, with a marvelous swiftness, deposit it on the shores that are washed by the Pacific seas. In war they trans-port the armies and supplies of the Government with the greatest of celerity, and carry forward, as it were on the wings of the wind, relief and comfort to those who are stretched bleeding and wounded on the field of battle,"

But, while we do them justice, let us not forget there are doubtless many faults to be corrected and abuses to be reformed in the administration of these highways. Corporate powers and corporate values have advanced with a more rapid step than the invention of our statesmen and law makers. The agency of the corporation is comparatively modern, and, like the agency of steam, is a mighty power. Unless subdued by proper appliances of law sufficient to control it, we are liable to disasters injurious to our welfare, as the accidents which sometimes befall the train are

destructive of life, But I must not protract this weary hour to discuss this problem foreign to my subject. Important as it is, we need not fear it. The railroad, rightly used, is the friend of the farmer and the whole people. It is the paramount interest of its owners that it should so remain. They dare not make it an enemy, and when we reflect that a single inventionthe steel rail-has reduced the freight tariff 40 per cent., we may trust somewhat to time and genius to relieve the inconveniences, and continue to enjoy its blessings with composure.

Can any philosopher tell us why it is that a man may also get his living out of an acre of ground, while if he were placed on a hundred-acre farm he would almost starve to death trying to raise two bushels and a half of poor potatoes and a thorough-bred mortgage ?- Turners Falls Reporter.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censurers are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Prof. John King, of the College of Medicine, of Cincinnati, says: "In Constipation it acts upon the bowels fear all the combined powers on earth. Ir God is on your side, you need not